The Salisbury Chorale and University Chorale
Present

Opening Chorus of the Villagers
from the opera *The Bartered Bride* by Bedřich Smetana

Missa brevis Sancti Joannis de Deo 'Little Organ Mass'
by Franz Joseph Haydn

Liebeslieder Waltzer, op. 52
by Johannes Brahms

Dr. William M. Folger, Artistic Director
Susan E. Zimmer, Pianist/Organist

Wicomico Presbyterian Church
Sunday, April 14, 2013
4:30 p.m.

Salisbury
UNIVERSITY
www.salisbury.edu

"Opening Chorus of the Villagers" . . . . . .Bedřich Smetana
from the opera *The Bartered Bride* (1824-1884)

University Chorale

Missa brevis Sancti Joannis de Deo 'Little Organ Mass' . . . . . .Franz Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Salisbury Chorale and University Chorale

Victor Hsia, Violin I — Patricia McCullum, Violin II
Martha Mancuso, Cello I — Patricia Rose, Cello II
Susan Zimmer, Organ

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison	Lord have mercy
Christe eleison	Christ have mercy
Kyrie eleison	Lord have mercy

Gloria

Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.	And on earth peace to people of good will.
Laudamus te, Benedicimus te. Adoramus te.	We praise You, We bless You, We adore you
Glorificamus te.	We glorify You.
	We thank you Lord, for your great glory.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.	Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.
Domine Fili, unigenite Jesu Christe.	Lord Jesus Christ, the Only-begotten Son.
Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere	You who take away the sins of the world, Have mercy on us.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.	Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis, Deus Pater, Omnipotens.	Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.
suscipe deprecationem nostrum.	receive our prayer.
Qui sedes ad desteram Patris, miserere nobis.	You who sit at the right hand of the Father have mercy on us.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus. Tu solus Dominus.	You alone are Holy, You alone are Lord.
Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe.	You alone are the most high, Jesus Christ.
Cum Sancto Spiritu, in Gloria Dei Patris. Amen	with the Holy Spirit, in the Glory of God the Father. Amen.

Credo

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem,	I believe in one God, the Father Almighty,
factorem caeli et terrae, visibilium omnium	Maker of heaven and earth, and of all
et invisibilium.	things visible and invisible.
Et ex Patre natum ante Omnia saecula.	Born of the Father before all ages.
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,	God from God, Light from Light,
Deum verum de Deo, Deo verro.	True God from true God.
Genitum, non factum, consubstantialem Patri:	Begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father:
per quem Omnia facta sunt.	By whom all things were made.
Qui propter nos homines,	Who for us men and for our salvation
et propter nostrum salutem descendit de caelis,	came down from heaven.
Et incarnatus est, de Spiritu Sancto	And was incarnate by the Holy Spirit
Ex Maria Virgine: et homo factus est.	of the Virgin Mary: and became Man.
Crucifixus etiam pronobis sub Pontio Pilato:	He was crucified for us, suffered under
passus et sepultus est.	Pontius Pilate:
	and was buried.

Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum Scripturas.	And on the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures.
Et ascendit in caelum: sedet ad dexteram Patris.	He ascended into heaven and sits at the right hand of the Father.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos: cujus regni non erit finis.	He will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead: And His kingdom will have no end.
Et in Spiritum Sanctum Dominum, et vivificantem: qui ex Patre, Filioque procedit,	And with the Holy Spirit, the Lord and giver of life, Who proceeds from the Father and the Son
Qui cum Patre, et Filio simul adoratur, et conglorificatur: Qui locutus est per Prophetas.	Who together with the Father and the Son is adored and glorified. and who spoke through the Prophets.
Et unam, sanctam, catholicam et apostolicam Ecclesiam.	And one holy catholic and apostolic Church.
Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum.	I confess one baptism for the forgiveness of sins
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum. Et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen	I look for the resurrection of the dead. and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.	Holy, holy, holy, Lord. God of Power and might.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra, Gloria tua.	Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Osanna in excelsis.	Hosanna in the highest.

Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.	Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Osanna in excelsis.	Hosanna in the highest.

Caitlyn Howard, Soprano

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: miserere nobis.	Lamb of God you take away the sins of the world: have mercy on us.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: miserere nobis.	Lamb of God you take away the sins of the world: have mercy on us.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: dona nobis pacem.	Lamb of God you take away the sins of the grant us peace.

Liebeslieder Waltzer, op. 52 . . . . . Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Salisbury Chorale and University Chorale

Pianists:
Susan Zimmer, Primo
Dr. Linda Cockey, Secondo

Liebeslieder Waltzer
Love Song Waltzes
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PROGRAM

Nr. 1

Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,
das mir in die Brust, die kühle,
hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
diese wilden Glutgefühle!
Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
willst du, eine Überfromme,
rasten ohne traute Wonne,
oder willst du, daß ich komme?
Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
nicht so bitter will ich büßen.
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge.
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
heftig angetrieben;
wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
lernt es unterm Lieben.

O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
wie sie Wonne tauen!
Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,
wären nicht die Frauen!

Wie des Abends schöne Röte
möcht ich arme Dirne glühn,
Einem, Einem zu gefallen,
sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.

Die grüne Hopfenranke,
sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge, schöne Dirne,
so traurig ist ihr Sinn!
Du höre, grüne Ranke!
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?
Du höre, schöne Dirne!
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?
Wie höbe sich die Ranke,
der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,
wenn ihr das Liebste weit?

Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
nahm den Flug
zum Garten hin,
da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte nicht,
ich täte so wie der.
Leimruten-Arglist
lauert an dem Ort;
der arme Vogel
konnte nicht mehr fort.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel wär,

Speak, maiden, whom I love all too much,
who hurled into my once aloof heart,
with only one glance,
these wild, ardent feelings!
Will you not soften your heart?
Do you wish to be chaste
and remain without sweet bliss,
or do you want me to come to you?
To remain without sweet bliss -
I would never make such a bitter penance.
So come, dark-eyes,
come when the stars greet you.

Nr. 2

Against the stones the stream rushes,
powerfully driven:
those who do not know to sigh there,
will learn it when they fall in love.

Nr. 3

O women, O women,
how they melt one with bliss!
I would have become a monk long ago
if it were not for women!

Nr. 4

Like the evening's lovely redness,
would I, a poor maiden, like to glow,
to please one, one boy -
and to then radiate bliss forever.

Nr. 5

The green hops vine,
it winds along the ground.
The young, fair maiden -
so mournful are her thoughts!
You - listen, green vine!
Why do you not raise yourself heavenwards?
You - listen, fair maiden!
Why is your heart so heavy?
How can the vine raise itself
when no support lends it strength?
How can the maiden be merry
when her sweetheart is far away?

Nr. 6

A small, pretty bird
took flight
into the garden -
there was fruit enough there.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would not tarry -
I would do just as he did.
Malicious lime-twigs
lured in that place;
the poor bird
could not escape.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,

ich säumte doch,
ich täte nicht wie der.
Der Vogel kam
in eine schöne Hand,
da tat es ihm,
dem Glücklichen, nicht and.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel wär,
ich säumte nicht,
ich täte doch wie der.

Wohl schön bewandt
war es vor ehe
mit meinem Leben,
mit meiner Liebe;
durch eine Wand,
ja, durch zehn Wände
erkannte mich
des Freundes Sehe.
Doch jetzo, wehe,
wenn ich dem Kalten
auch noch so dicht
vorm Auge stehe,
es merkts sein Auge,
sein Herze nicht.

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
und so lieblich schauet,
jede letze Trübe flieht
welche mich umgrauet.
Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
laß sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu
dich ein andrer lieben.

Am Donaustrande,
da steht ein Haus,
da schaut ein rosiges
Mädchen aus.
Das Mädchen,
es ist wohl gut gehegt,
zehn eiserne Riegel
sind vor die Türe gelegt.
Zehn eiserne Riegel
das ist ein Spaß;
die spreng ich
als wären sie nur von Glas.

O wie sanft die Quelle sich
durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich
zu der Liebe findet!

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
mit den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig

I would have hesitated,
I would not have done that.
The bird came
into a pretty girl's hand,
and she did not harm him,
the lucky thing.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would not linger -
I would do just as he did.

Nr. 7

Quite fair and contented
was I previously
with my life
and with my sweetheart;
through a wall,
yes, through ten walls,
did my friend's gaze
recognize me.
But now, oh woe,
if I am with that cold boy,
no matter how close
I stand before his eyes,
neither his eyes
nor his heart notices.

Nr. 8

When your eyes look at me
so gently and lovingly,
you chase away every last anxiety
that troubles my life.
The lovely glow of this love -
do not let it disappear!
No one else will ever love you
as faithfully as I.

Nr. 9

On the banks of the Danube,
there stands a house,
and looking out of it
is a pink-cheeked maiden.
The maiden
is very well-protected:
ten iron bolts
have been placed on the door.
But ten iron bolts
are but a joke;
I will snap them
as if they were only glass.

Nr. 10

O how gently the stream
winds through the meadow!
O how lovely it is when Love
finds Love!

Nr. 11

No, there's just no getting along
with people;
they always make such poisonous

auszudeuten.
Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich
lose Triebe;
bin ich still, so heißts, ich ware
irr aus Liebe.

Nr. 12

Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser,
Schlösser ohne Zahl;
denn die bösen Mäuler will ich
schließen allzumal.

Nr. 13

Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
sucht nach einem Aste;
und das Herz, ein Herz, ein Herz begehrt's,
wo es selig raste.

Nr. 14

Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!

Nr. 15

Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,
wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
küsse mich im Dunkeln!

Nr. 16

Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe,
ein gar zu gefährlicher Bronnen;
da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
kann weder hören noch sehn,
nur denken an meine Wonnen,
nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

Nr. 17

Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen
im Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,
zu naß, zu weich.
All überströmt sind dort die Wege,
die Stege dir;
so überreichlich tränte dorten
das Auge mir.

Nr. 18

Es bebet das Gesträuche,
gestreift hat es im Fluge
ein Vögelein.
In gleicher Art erbebet
die Seele mir, erschüttert
von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
gedenkt sie dein.

interpretations of everything.
If I'm merry, they say I cherish
loose urges;
if I'm quiet, they say
I am crazed with love.

Nr. 12

Locksmith - get up and make your locks,
locks without number;
for I want to lock up
all the evil mouths.

Nr. 13

The little bird rushes through the air,
searching for a branch;
and my heart desires a heart, a heart
on which it can blessedly rest.

Nr. 14

See how clear the waves are
when the moon gazes down!
You who are my love,
you love me back!

Nr. 15

The nightingale, it sings so beautifully,
when the stars are twinkling.
Love me, my beloved heart,
kiss me in the dark!

Nr. 16

Love is a dark shaft,
a very dangerous well;
and I, poor man, fell in.
I can neither hear nor see,
I can only think about my bliss,
I can only moan in my woe.

Nr. 17

Do not wander, my light, out there
in the field!
Your feet, your tender feet, would get
too wet, too soft.
All flooded are the paths there,
and the bridges,
so amply there
did my eyes weep.

Nr. 18

The bushes are trembling;
they were brushed by a
little bird in flight.
In the same way,
my soul trembles,
overcome by love, pleasure and sorrow,
as it thinks of you.

Soloists Nr. 7 Wohl schŏn bewandt war es
Leah Wilson, Soprano

Nr. 17 Nicht wandle, mein Licht
Christopher Hager, Tenor

Salisbury Chorale Personnel

Salisbury Chorale
Susan Zimmer, Rehearsal Pianist

Soprano
Sharon Clark
Kathleen Hayne
Jeanette Hazel
Meredith Hazel
Sarah McCabe
Bianca Morales
Katie Shoen
Kathleen Shannon

Alto
Ev Cook
Karen Gabriszeski
Katherine Harting
Tammy Kilgore
Nancy Coleman Mace
Patti Mannion
Rebecca McNeill
Heather Sullivan
Joana Weaver

Tenor
Christopher Hager
Edgar Isaacs
David Pollock

Bass
Scott Duncan
William Horne
Richard Hunter
Jim Junker
Al Rayne
Sam Sapp
Mark Williams

University Chorale Personnel

Salisbury Chorale
Susan Zimmer, Rehearsal Pianist

Soprano
Emily Baumgarten
Hadas Bienstock
Sarah Burrall
Breanna Courville
Kelsey Gahan
Brittany Hoerl
Caitlyn Howard
Kassidy Korb
Maria Jimenez Losada
Amanda Lundstrom
Gege (Maggie) Ma
Alexandra McArdle
Mercy Ochieng
Jennifer Reeves
Meghan Rollyson
Lauren Shockley
Morgan Stephens
Kristina Stone
Ana Vintimilla
Leah Wilson

Alto
Elise Adamopoulos
Rainforest Bollero
Shannon Buckley
Jasmine Clay
Sarah Decker
Veronica Fallon
Jasmine Grandison
Shayla McLaurin
Megan Outten
Megan Rosario
Justine Szeles

Tenor
Patrick Benner
Tyler Brunner
Corey Burrell
Danny Gigioli
Christopher Hager
Edgar Isaacs
Hunter Shaner
Jacob Shatuck
William Tucker
Stephen Waldron

Bass
Connor Bailey
Kevin Brown
Joshua Easter
James Carpenter
Kyle Failla
Michael Goldsmith
Michael Lewallen
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Dennis Rothouse
Nyles Sanna-Withers
Daniel Schnackenberg
Taman Thomas

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Department of Music Fulton School of Liberal Arts
Salisbury University
1101 Camden Avenue, Salisbury, MD 21801
Phone: 410-543-6385
Fax: 410-548-3002
E-mail: wmfolger@salisbury.edu

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